

# In Recital

**Karen Nell, soprano**

Candidate for the Master of Music degree in Applied Music

assisted by

**Roger Admiral, piano**

**Wednesday, March 20, 2002 at 8:00 pm**



Convocation  
Hall

**Arts Building  
University of Alberta**



**Department of Music  
University of Alberta**

## Program

Recit: Gott ist mir ja nichts schuldig (God has no obligation)

Aria: Ich esse mit Freuden (I eat with joy)

With guests **Adam Garvin, oboe**  
**Elly McHan, violin**

Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

From *The Creation*

Recit: And God Said

Aria: With Verdure Clad

Recit: And God Said

Aria: On Mighty Pens

Joseph Haydn  
(1732-1809)

A Pastoral Song

O Tuneful Voice

She Never Told Her Love

Fidelity

Joseph Haydn

From *Magnificat*

Quia Respexit

With guest **Adam Garvin, oboe**

Johann Sebastian Bach

## Intermission

Schlafendes Jesuskind (Sleep of the Christchild)

Gesang Weylas (Weyla's Song)

Der Gärtner (The gardener)

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

Phidylé (Phidylé)

Sérénade Florentine (Florence Serenade)

Extase (Extasy)

Le Manoir de Rosemonde (The Manor of Rosemund)

Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)

From *Candide*

Glitter and Be Gay

Leonard Bernstein  
(1918-1990)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Ms Nell.

Ms Nell is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Graduate).

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

This recital is dedicated in loving memory to Marie 'Nan' Matthews  
February 7, 1919 - March 11, 2002

## Translation

### **Recit: Gott is mir ja nichts schuldig (God has no obligation)**

God has no obligation to show his care for me, his gifts prove love eternally. I cannot earn what God is giving, mere duty is all that I can do. And when my deeds as good are here appearing, they still remain unworthy through and through. We all too often are impatient, much to the Lord's distress, If God, our loving God, would sometimes give us less. Did he not give us all we need, our clothing and the food we eat, does he not lift to blessedness all those who in his footsteps tread? It is enough for me to see that hungry I go not to bed.

### **Aria: Ich esse mit Freuden (I eat with joy)**

I eat here with gladness my small piece of bread and grant to my neighbour with joy his possessions. A conscience most peaceful, when joy fills the mind, a heart that is thankful, is praising and kind; all multiply blessing and strengthen the sad.

### **Quia Respexit**

Because he has looked upon the humiliation of his servant. Yes, from now onwards all generations will call me blessed.

I Samuel I:11 NJB

### **Schlafendes Jesuskind (Sleep of the Christchild)**

Blessed Virgin's heav'nly child! how calmly on the wood of anguish dost thou slumber, that the fervent master musing; gave thee a fitting pillow for thy dreamings; flow'ret though, e'en in the bud enfolded bearest thou the glory of the Father! If one could but picture all the wondrous visions seen behind that brow, those long dark lashes, changing oft in sweet succession. Blessed Virgin's heav'nly child!

Julia von Bose

### **Gesang Weylas (Weyla's Song)**

Hail sacred isle! dear land! far distant shining! The mists, beguiled by thy sunny strand from ocean, chaplets for the gods are twining. Eternal waves ascending thy vernal slopes, lost youth regain. Before thine altar bending, great kings, thy vassals, throng thy marble fane.

Marie Boileau

### **Der Gärtner (The Gardener)**

Upon her white steed, down a green bower'd way a princess comes riding as fair as the May. The sand that I strewed, where those stately hoofs go like gold in the sundhine is bravely a glow. O rose coloured hood dancing up – dancing down – pray waft me in secret one plume for mine own. And wouldst thou as guerdon one sweet blossom for me, take thousands – take all – for they bloom but for thee!

Marie Boileau

### **Phidylé (Phidylé)**

The grass is soft for slumbering under the cool poplar trees by the slop of the mossy springs, which in the flowering meadows, sprouting in thousands, lose themselves among the dark thickets. Rest, oh Phidylé! Noonday on the leaves sparkles and invites you to slumber! Among the clover and the thyme, along in the full sunshine, the bees hum in their flight;

### **Gesang Weylas (Weyla's Song), cont'd**

a warm perfume fills the air at the turn of the paths; the red poppy is drooping, and the birds, grazing the hill with their wings, see the shade of the wild rosebushes. Rest, oh Phidylé! But, when the orb descending in its brilliant curve will cool its smouldering heat, let your lovliest smile and your tenderest kiss reward me for waiting!

Leconte de Lisle

### **Sérénade Florentine (Florence Senerade)**

Star, whose beauty shines like a diamond in the night, look down on my beloved with her eyelids closed. And let upon her eyes descend the blessing of the skies. She slumbers ... Through the window enter her blissful chamber; on her whiteness, like a kiss, repose until dawn, and may her thoughts then dream of a start of love that arises!

Jean Lahor



### **Extase (Extasy)**

On a pale lily my heart is asleep in a slumber sweet like death ... Exquisite death, death perfumed by the breath of my beloved ... on your pale bosom my heart is asleep in a slumber sweet like death ...

Jean Lahor

### **Le Manoir de Rosemonde (The Manor of Rosemund)**

With its sudden and voracious teeth, like a dog love has bitten me. If you follow my blood that was shed, you could easily find my trail. Take a horse of good breed, go and follow my arduous road, through pitfalls and lost trails, if the chase will not make you weary! Passing where I have passed, you will see that alone and wounded I travelled over this sorrowful world. And this I wrought my own death far, far away, without discovering the blue manor of Rosemund.

Robert de Bonnières